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"EXOTIQUE"

. . . dedicated to FASHIONS,
FADS and FANCIES

No. 20

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THE GODDESS OF
SHARRE MAJOR







THE "NEW LOOK" IN SHOES. . .

by

Carlson Wade

* * *

When I received an invitation some time back to attend a preview show of coming fashions in shoes, I leaped at the opportunity. It was in London where, as you probably know, the best in leather is always being made. The fashion show took place in an exclusive area of London, in what was once the den of a Duke's small castle. Illumination came through slits in the walls which served as tiny windows.

The girls who modelled the shoes were very attractive, they all had jet black hair which hung long over their shoulders, like so many jet black leather laces, swishing back and forth as they walked. The floor was concrete,

so much the better for listening to the sharp sound of heels clicking as the girls walked.

The first girl modelled something highly unusual--glass slippers with a glass heel measuring exactly four inches high. Made of clear vinylite with a Lucite heel, it was exquisitely decorated with suede applique and hand enameling. It gave the girl a bare look. Although, this was a laceless slipper, to complete the outfit, she wore a glass, transparent corset and sheer vinylite panties and bra. Of course, there were slight shaded parts, of necessities but these were at a minimum. The girl, inexperienced, was extremely bashful since the colorless glass-type corset was holding her tightly around the curves. She complained she felt absolutely bare in front of the visitors but she decided she would overcome this feeling with practice. Her instep was delightfully curved in the slipper and her calf muscles rippled slightly as she walked around.

Next came another girl wearing suede black pumps. The pencil toe seemed symmetrical with the pencilled heel which was also four inches high. To complete the decoration, there was a bouffant bow at the vamp--made of complete leather, glistening like four lively snakes. As she walked, the bow was stiff and

erect. It looked too good to be true and upon request, she came to a halt and I knelt down to examine the bow closely. I tugged at one end too much and it came open. There were sighs of disappointment and someone said, "You tie that bow back in its place or else you'll have to leave."

Remaining in my kneeling position, my face burning red from such humiliation, I nervously managed to tie the crisp leather edges together into a bow. Then, from my crouched position, looked up at the model. Her face was a mask of fury because I spoiled her entrance and I dare say, she looked fit to be tied.

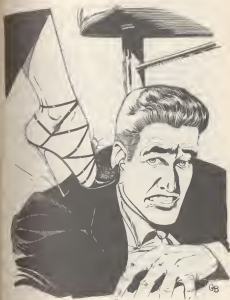
Hobbling back to my seat, I now beheld another model. She wore ankle length boot-lettes as they were called. These were double strap shoes, four inch skyscraper heels and made of jet black patent leather. There were twin metallic buckles on double straps and these buckles gleamed in the light as she walked back and forth. There were laces in the back which went up and over her ankles, tightening the bones and making her look most attractive.

With a flash of beauty, the next pair of shoes were modelled--it was a twinkling bit of excitement; made of black suede, these were

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bare back slippers that flaunted a huge hand sewn bead and rhinestone bow with a match-mate at the top of the heel. The tapered heel was four inches and as she walked, it clung to her like the weapon would on a soldier. It flashed, almost menacingly, as she approached me. She did a piroquette and then both feet together, the gleaming shoes almost stared at me like a thousand eyes, the rhinestones glittering and sparkling. It was quite terrifying, as though I was trapped by a thousand eyes.

My body was bathed in sweat by this unusual pair of shoes and I must admit, I was rather frightened by them. Next came the ultimate in sophisticated--five inch heeled shoes for evening wear or even for just around the house. They featured a saucy, high upturned peak adorned with a flurry of rim-set glittering diamonds. There were smart ankle strap laces through to the tip. And the heels--the most delightful of all surprises were made of unbreakable aluminum. It suggested to the doubtful, that they get a closer look. I did not lose this opportunity but almost flattened myself, face up, to the cold ground to examine the exquisitely, pencil thin aluminum heels--all of five inches high. The maestro announced that a popular game was



taking place already with girls who wore such unusual shoes. When the heels were polished and glittered, you could see your reflection in them. The members of the show were invited to see if they could see their own faces in the heels. Everyone enjoyed this bit of diversity.

Even I managed to see myself but I must have crouched too close. Suddenly, there was a sharp pain in my shoulder and I suppressed a cry. I managed to roll away and crawl to safety--the model had stepped on my shoulder, her five-inch aluminum heel biting into the flesh. It was quite painful, to say the least. She looked at me with a superior air, daring me to defy her. I cringed in fright. It was a fitting discipline for me, I realized, for having become too inquisitive.

Knee-length shoes were next on display. There was a blonde model who wore a suede leather skirt, belt and blouse--pulled so tight that she might very well have appeared wearing nothing. Her entire figure was compressed in this white suede so much like a skin-tight glove. And then wonder of wonders--she wore across her face a mask, similar to ones worn by doctors in the operating room. Only this mask covered her mouth, nose, up to the lower eyelashes and was drawn tightly across her head

and around to the back. In the rear of this face mask were six tiny eyelets on either side. These were fastened together with white leather laces so tightly, it was a miracle that she could breathe. Two tiny holes in the front permitted the entrance of air. We all wondered about this odd costume when we saw what she was wearing--a pair of white patent-leather hoots reaching up to her knees! The toes were unbelievably tiny, so that she must have squeezed her feet into them. The boots were laced up on the sides, with a glittering pair of white leather laces. The eyelets were originally brass but riveted into the leather and painted white. So tightly drawn were the white laces, that the seams could hardly be seen. From a distance, it looked like her entire feet were narrow, like the hooves of a furious stallion, stamping and snorting.

Yes, this blonde girl was a vision in white. . . her white patent-leather boots, reaching to her knees, disappeared. We could hardly speculate how high up the boots really reached since a tight, patent leather skirt (also milky white) covered the rest of the distance. Now we understood why she wore the mask and was unable to talk. This was a new style and secrecy was of the utmost importance. She was kept in

this castle a virtual prisoner so that no one could discover the secret of white patent leather boots. The blonde, suede covered girl voluntarily applied for this show since she wanted to become famous as the stallion girl--indeed, she gave that appearance. Shivers ran through me to imagine someone helpless in her midst--the heels were a perfect SIX INCHES high and the concrete floor virtually trembled as she walked around--slapping with the white, patent leather heels, as thin as a sliver of light through a keyhole.

Her exit was accompanied by much applause as she stomped (I mean walked) away.

As an interesting contrast, the next pair of shoes looked like a pair of flowers walking on the ground. The slimmest five-inch heel was fashioned after the stem of a flower, its top garnished with two green leaves and one lush rose of stiff leather knot in the center. This, too, was greeted with applause. Several onlookers decided to see how really original these rose-shoes looked and got down on the floor for a close-up. They declared that they felt they were surrounded in a garden of shoes, growing like flowers, enveloping them with a sweet suffusement. How delightful it was and most certainly would become a sensation when



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released in the coming Spring season.

For a little hit of diversement, the next two models would display how a corset is to be worn. A volunteer was called for and I did not hesitate to offer my services. Each model was dressed in unbelievably tiny panties and bra--made of fur! And black fur, at that. And to prevent temptation, it was announced that hidden in the fur were bits of ground glass, so sharp that a touch would cause profuse bleeding. A satin girdle, but fortified with steel ribs and leather laces was given to me to display the correct method for wearing a girdle. I placed the garment around the fur-clad girl's slim, white body. Then I began the lacing. The girl made no effort at concealing her distress--gasping and uttering sharp little cries of distress because the ribs were cutting into her milk-white flesh. Brave creature, she refused to call a halt and determined to see it through the end. How courageous she was and certainly drew cries of approval from the onlookers. Tighter and tighter were the laces drawn, right up to her milk white shoulders and here, the final eyelets were looped and she was a stunning figure--an hour-glass shape. Gasping for breath 'tis true, but stunning. It was worth the effort.

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It was explained that she would wear this corset throughout the night to get used to it. Tomorrow, her body would contain red welts because of the steel ribs but she was unconcerned about it.

The next girl was given another fitting by another lucky volunteer. Then the moderator explained the faults and gave us instructions for a more proper method of putting a corset on a girl. With regrets, the show came to an end but we all left, feeling enlightened about having been given a preview of new styles in boots and also instructions on the art of lacing up a girl in a spanking new corset.

THE END . . .





"CONFESSIONS. . . .
OF A FEMALE IMPERSONATOR"

by

Arthur W. Harris

* * *Z

You've heard the old expression that "Boys will be boys," but this isn't always true. Once in a while, it's so refreshing to get away from it all. For instance, it can be quite monotonous to go through life wearing boring cloth suits, shirts that are sloppy and, of all things - those monotonous underthings that men wear. Knit briefs or uncomfortable boxer shorts can be tiring. It just can't compare to some of the exciting things that women wear.

In show business, everything goes. Some years back, when I was on the stage, I decided to add a little variety to my act. I decided that it would be so interesting to appear on stage,

dressed as a woman. I've always wondered what it would look like to be dressed in a bone-rib corset, black satin undies, patent leather boots that buckle tight on the ankle and sometimes reach up to the knees. And so, that was how my career as a female impersonator began on the stage. Let me give you a few secret tips and let's go behind the footlights into my dressing room so you can see just how I go about dressing up as a female for my role in the theatre.

First, I discard all of the uninteresting men's clothing. I start, from skin out, to play the perfect role of a female. At a special shop in New Orleans I obtained a pair of leather mesh-type scanties and bra. That's right--the scanties, black as midnight are made of leather and to tighten them on my body, I have a friend pull on the laces--the scanties come complete with laces and tiny leather eyelets through which the laces are looped. My friend pulls tighter and tighter until I have to gasp to breath but it's so important to present narrow hips when on the stage that I have gradually come to get used to it. The laces bite into the white skin, leaving red welt-like marks that take days to fade away but it's worth it. Then, a very narrow corset into which I step. This corset is also



unusual--it's made of very strong elastic but has leather thongs woven into it. As my friend laces me into it, she often has me bend down and puts her knee into the small of my back so that I stretch my body thin. The laces are tugged and tugged, almost squeezing my insides but my figure does become quite narrow.

The laces are fastened behind my back into metal-tipped eyelets. Once the leather laces are tied together, just over the small of my back, it's almost impossible for me to remove my corset by myself. I always have to call on someone to help me. Once, my friend made it so tight, my waist was wasp-like, almost like an hour glass figure, which is quite an accomplishment for a female impersonator. Most men have bulky figures, heavy around the middle. With pulling the leather laces tight, especially in the waist area, the bunched flesh does squeeze the body a lot and a narrower middle is the result.

Once the corset is fastened, next comes the bra. Cleavage is a very important effect. The night club I usually entertained in was called The Leather Club--a very unique and popular night spot which accentuated leather such as riding boots, crops, patent leather boots worn by all the waitresses. And cleav-

age is most important. I put strips of tape across my chest, putting my shoulders drawn forward to create some cleavage. From armpit to armpit, the tape is applied until my shoulders, hunched forward, create the desired effect. I'll never forget the other impersonator who once decided to be mischievous. He taped me securely, so securely that my back was bent like a bow and I could not get free. In this position, he forced me to wear a leather-type corset, tightening the eyelets so severe I could hardly breathe. If I protested, he would chastise me good-naturedly by slapping my hips (encased in a girdle) with a riding crop. This really stings if applied too hard, causing red welts and even tears into my eyes. But practice makes perfect and the only way to learn how to wear tight girdles is to be squeezed tighter and tighter.

The bra, padded with foam rubber, of course, is put on next. This is fastened from behind by a friend. Because it's always embarrassing if a bra opens in public, make doubly certain it is fastened on tight. Imagine, my shoulders are hunched forward to create cleavage and then as the bra is fastened on, the metal hooks being fastened, forcing my shoulders backward. I almost cried out with the strain but bit my lip instead, forcing my-

self to be patient.

Now, the most enjoyable part of impersonating comes. The delightful, long knee-length black leather boots. I'll never forget my debut at The Leather Club. Since I wanted to make good, I selected a special pair of boots which had been given to me by an admirer in Hollywood. The tip of the toe was open slightly, allowing just the tiniest bit of a red toe-nail to peek out. Directly upward, across the vamp, are two rows of glittering rhinestones, winking wickedly and with a flair of anger. Then, at the ankle, is a very sharp, old-fashioned metal buckle--polished to perfection. The admirer who gave them to me said they belonged to his wife--nightly, she forced him to get down on his hands and knees to polish the rhinestones, the metal buckle until they gleamed like glittering eyes. The man complained that his wife refused to let him get up until they were polished to perfection. Often, he was forced to remain in this humble position for an hour while he polished the boots. . . she was wearing them at the time naturally.

Squeezing a man's foot into a boot made for women's size is not an easy task but when it is done, . . . what a wonderful feeling of accomplishment is resulted. I put my right foot into

this glittering boot, the patent leather, jet black and extending high up until just my knee bone. There is one long lace from the ankle right up to the knee. If it breaks, a new leather one must be inserted which is quite a chore. My foot is squeezed into the boot, my toe just barely making it to the tiny hole and hardly able to peek out. Honestly, squeezing a foot into a tight boot can often bring tears to your eyes but it's just a matter of getting used to it. Here, I pull the boot tight so that the heel goes into place and then start lacing up the leather strings. The eyelets are made of shiny metal, and these, too, must be thoroughly polished. It's so sloppy for an impersonator to appear on the stage with unpolished boots.

The string is pulled through one eyelet after the other, tightening as I go along. No eyelet must be ignored since that gives a loose fitting. Tighter and tighter are the laces made, squeezing in the muscles of the calf. Men's legs are always more muscular so extra care must be taken that the boots squeeze them. The first time I wore these, I had to get someone to help me lace them. I was unable to sit so stood up, straddle while he was on hand and knees, fastening them. I cried out because of the sharp pain the laces made as my legs were squeezed and squeezed but this

friend paid no heed. He had something else to do and was annoyed at having to help me. "Keep still," he had commanded. When I was unable to keep from crying out, he reached over and picked up a riding crop and switched my ankles sharply. "You'll get more of the same if you don't hold still and keep quiet."

It was a good lesson and I'm so grateful to him for punishing me. I learned how to put on my own boots after that. When the laces finally reach the ankles, there, in the back of the boot, are two very small eyelets. Here, the laces are given a final tug, then fastened securely. Now--imagine my picture. I glance at myself in the mirror with approval. My figure has been squeezed into an hour-glass shape. The corset has tightened my waist. The leather scanties have so squeezed the flesh of my hips that the slightest slap brings a sharp gasp of pain. It doesn't hurt, really, but at the Leather Club, every customer is given a riding crop as a sort of souvenir. Sometimes, a customer gets too jovial and decides to use the crop on an impersonator--it's all part of the entertainment but a guy can have his hips and back bruised almost like being whipped.

And the leather boots have made my feet very tiny, but sturdy looking. My ankles and legs look slim beneath the patent leather, tightened almost like a second skin. As I walk, the glittering

rhinestones and metal buckle and eyelets flash wickedly. The boots make a sharp staccato sound. . .click-click, click-click. Tiny sparks almost fly from the heels. Oh yes, I left out the most important part--the heels are a perfect five inches long. Stiletto heels take time to be comfortable. We used to have a game backstage. Some of the impersonators used to ask the other show people how long our heels were and we even took little penny bets. Then, the loser had to get down on hands and knees and polish the heels until they glittered. It was such a nice game, full of fun and companionship.

Walking in these boots gives me an arched look--my knees are bent slightly forward. Beneath the skin tight leather my calf muscles are squeezed but my legs remain slim under the confinement.

Now comes the rest of my outfit. The Leather Club features exquisite and unusual gowns on the performers since this is part of our attraction. We wear clothes that no other night club ever could duplicate and that's why we're so popular. My blouse is made of fire-red suede leather. It fits like a glove--and is very tight fitting or else the manager will be after us with a riding crop. It goes over my



head, the tiny hole through which I squeeze my head is barely enough room. The collar is high--there are leather buttons on the rear and pulled very tight across my neck, almost choking me. The purpose is to create an illusion of a slim neck. Then the blouse itself is stretched tight, so tight I look like a red marble statue when the buttons--in back, of course--are fastened tight. It takes a lot of training for breathing to be natural but I'm not a lazy person so am willing to learn.

There are buttons at the waist, also--that is, they button from the rear. In this outfit, the wrists bound fast, I look, already, like a stunning figure in leather. Oh yes, at one time, we impersonators would have a slightly different blouse made of leather, of course, but complete with mittens. These were fastened by a special backstage wardrobe dresser. I couldn't use my fingers, since they were sort of imprisoned in the leather gloves. They were kept tight, in a fist, and the mittens fastened by the wardrobe dresser. This left me completely helpless, having to depend upon others to open and close doors for me and even to help me undress. But this policy has since been changed. Once, my leather boot laces tore in the middle of an act and for the rest of the night, I was unable to repair them because my hands were so

fastened in the fingerless leather mittens. The owner was so infuriated at my wearing boots with torn laces that he actually switched me with a riding crop to teach me a lesson, so that I'd regard his property with more concern. But after that, the mittens were left out of our costume. It is unfortunate since I rather liked them.

The skirt comes complete with a chain metal belt--yes, the skirt is made of black suede leather but the belt is of a metal. As it's fastened around my waist, it completes the picture of a thorough female impersonator.

My make-up is the same as any woman's. I paint on arched eyebrows. Use red lipstick that makes a gash on my mouth like red blood. Quite theatrical but in show business, that's the way we have to be. I also wear a blond wig--cost me a lot but I fasten it to my head with spirit gum. It falls in waves along the back of my neck, hiding the leather buttons of my high-collar type red leather blouse.

In this picture, I go out on the stage to perform--either singing, or dancing slightly with a chorus. Walking on five inch, stiletto heels that are as thin as a pencil can be quite arduous but once you get the feel of it, it's

quite comfy.

The leather in our clothes always has a swishy sound to it. Patrons of The Leather Club, who like something different, enjoy the soft, swishing sound made by leather skirts as the impersonators move around. The high-heeled boots make a sharp sound--imagine a dozen impersonators and about twenty waitresses, all wearing leather boots, walking around on a concrete floor. The Leather Club never uses rugs--that would deaden the sound of high heels which is sort of interesting to listen to.

There was one show we put on, I recall, sort of like a parody against the old-time silent screen movies where the villain approached the helpless girl and threatened to kill her. Only here, the villain was an ordinary young man--he was dressed simply: in a pink slip from head to toe--and fastened to the floor, his arms and legs bound to four metal loops sticking out. The entire club is darkened. Only a slight illumination on the stage where the frightened boy is held fast. Slowly, the sound of approaching boots is heard. There is the noise of rattling chains, the swishing of whips and the crashing of what was supposed to be a cat-o-nine tails.



against a leather saddle--all this was behind the stage and couldn't be seen but what an effect it created. The whip kept slapping on the saddle and the click-click of approaching boots were louder and louder. The boy, bound prisoner, was in the fit of terror, his eyes bulging wildly, then he started screaming and yelling from fright, crying for mercy and begging not to be killed. (Just like the old-time silent-screen movies. Remember?) Louder and louder came the boots, harsher are the cries, growning full of pity and whining, pleading for mercy.

Then the stage is filled with a dozen female impersonators, all wearing knee-length polished black boots--they surround the unfortunate young man who is screaming, weeping tears and begging. There is a harsh, grating sound--the circle hold riding crops in their hands. The crops are raised and suddenly, plunged downward. In that split instant, the lights go out and there is a terrifying scream of pain coming from the boy. The sound of a million riding crops and whips against leather finishes the crescendo.

My, but we used to get so much applause for that act. The boy was a good actor. He later went out to Hollywood and from what I hear

today, is making very serious films and is on the road to top billing success. Of course, he can't play in leather-boot pictures because the effect isn't as nice as on the stage, but he does visit us occasionally at The Leather Club and relives old memories.

Sometimes, I would go out in the street, between acts, and grab a little snack on the corner where we had a restaurant. I always was taken for a woman, so cleverly was I done up. No one ever suspected--that is the reward of careful makeup and wearing the right types of clothes. Especially leather which gives such a chic, unusual look. And who wants to look ordinary these days? It's so nice to be different. That's why The Leather Club was so popular--it featured a different type of entertainment.

Incidentally, on rainy nights when I didn't want to soil my clothes, I usually wore an interesting raincoat--trench style, it buttoned from the neck right down to the very bottom and had a suede leather belt. It was very comfortable, roomy and with big pockets. Ever since the manager switched me with the riding crop, I've learned the value of keeping clothes fresh. It's a good lesson. But as the saying goes----there's no business like show business!

THE END. . .



"A LADY AND HER THOUGHTS"

by

Edith Wardman

* * *

I suppose that to most people who never stop to analyze their make-up as far as character is concerned, a person who is different is a case for the padded cell. I used to feel that I was not so afflicted. I seemed to have no interest in any thing that was not strictly conventional. This apparent normal stage of existence continued until I was about 18 years old. My mother, being very style conscious, began to insist that my sister and I should begin thinking of our figures. Of course, the main idea in my mind was a corset.

One day my mother took us to a very well-known corsetiere to be fitted with a mild type



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of girdle. It was a few days till the garments were ready and to be very truthful I was really dreading the thought of wearing the thing. However, I went to the shop to pick up my first figure control garment and the lady there insisted upon fitting it to me. As she pulled up the zipper fastening on the side and I found myself being slightly squeezed I had the grandest feeling.

The feeling was thrillingly wonderful. It gave me such a lift that I felt that I was going to fly. I wore it home and my mother was so happy to see that I did not mind wearing it. I felt like sleeping in it but could not, of course. This feeling of exhilaration continued for about a week and until it finally came to me that I actually enjoyed the slight discomfort that it caused me. This reality inspired the desire to buy a real corset that laced up the back. I thought that if I could lace it tight, then, as I so desired I would lace it still tighter until my desire for pain was gratified to some extent. As you will see by the foregoing, that, instead of disliking wearing a corset, I loved it. In fact, I was continually trying to find new ways to enlarge upon the feeling that I got from wearing this thing that everybody seemed to dread.

As if to answer my desires I had the

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opportunity to try two more types of tight under garments at a girl friends place who was not inclined my way but had secured them for a collection for her father who was a museum curator. One of these was a leather corset that was heavily boned with steel. This laced up the back with leather thongs. As you can readily see that there was absolutely no give at all to this and it was nearly impossible to even turn your body. I asked Mary to lace it as tight as she could. By using her knee she really did a lovely job of cinching in my body. Later that same evening I noticed that the thongs were rawhide and I asked Mary to soak them and again lace me up. I stood with my back to the fireplace and as the thongs dried they got so tight that I could hardly breathe, but I loved it till Mary loosened it off and removed it. The other item was real old fashioned high waisted corset that used whalebone instead of thin steel. It was made of silk and really was a thrill and it could get very severe too.

About this time, the French Brassiere came on the market and when I saw the laces, I just had to get one. My breasts were slightly large and the ordinary bra did nothing for me in any way. With this new lace on bra I was able to help my bust and also get a kick

from doing it, I can lace it as tight as the material will allow, all the tighter the better for me.

I, in no way, tried to conceal my love of the tight waist. I always wore skirts, slacks, and dresses which were smaller than average in waist measure. Of course, my friends were very generous in their teasing because at times the corset lacing was easily visible through sheer blouses and dresses even with a heavy slip underneath. As time went on, I, of course, left my home city and secured better employment in a larger city some distance away. There I was freer to indulge in my mania for the "Feeling." Anything and everything that I wore was always as tight as possible, for instance, my high-heeled pumps were always at least one half size too narrow. This did not bother me as I made a terrible effort to walk as natural as I could and not hobble along.

Around town, a new fad was going around among the girls. It was called "Slave Chains" or anklets. They were usually small fine chains with a medallion fastened loosely around the ankle and worn under the nylon stocking. I felt that here was another chance to practice my phobia. I went to the jeweller and had him fit a chain to my left ankle as tight as he could, be-



cause of strain, I secured one much heavier than the regular ones. I also had him remove the regular clasp and substitute a permanent master link. I realized that as long as I could hope for I would be wearing a gold chain that could not be removed, short of cutting, by me or anyone else.

I always wore the longest and tightest gloves that the occasion would permit. I loved earrings and so thought of having my ears pierced so that I could wear my favorite long heavy models, because they too would give me a tight feeling in my ear lobes. However, I did not have the operation as I preferred to use the screw back type always tightening them to the limit of the fastener. Even my bracelets and necklaces were as tight as was safe for them to be. The tight feeling was a mania with me and I knew it and I loved it.

Of course, as happens usually, I met and fell in love with the one and only. In due course he asked me to marry him and for the first time I felt a certain guilty feeling about my mania. For weeks I did not know what to do. I loved him so but I also loved my mania and I could not help but think it would not do to not tell him, at least, a little about it. As a means of leading in to the story, I asked him if he had any quirks in

his nature, and to my happy surprise he answered that he had. With no further questioning he told me that he had a mania for ladies' clothing. They gave him the same exhilaration as my tight clothes. Needless to say, that our wedding was soon over.

My husband had a difficult time to secure the items of clothing that he wanted before and now it was very easy for me to obtain the things that gave him so much pleasure. He was able to secure for me some very odd things that gave me an unlimited amount of happiness, of which, I shall tell you. While overseas he got a "Pony Suit." This is a skin tight rubber suit with no sleeves that zippers up the back. When "My Man" and I wish to indulge, I help him into his corset, nylon undies and stockings, high-heeled shoes (which he walks in very well), long nylon gloves and some jewelry. He puts me into my corset and tight "Pony Suit" with my tight gloved hands folded in front of my body under the suit. We have such a time, believe me. One of the last things is for him to screw on my earrings, which dangle to my shoulders. Sometimes in order of a diversion, he ties my ankles to the back legs of a chair and forcing me forward over the back ties my wrists to the front legs. This greatly aggravates the tight feeling and makes me feel

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wonderful until he thinks I have had enough
and unties me.

In writing this I hope I have helped
other so-called "queer" people.

THE END. . . .





"FROM ME TO YOU . . ."

by

Tana Louise

* * *

I've just about recovered from my European jaunt, and I know you're all waiting to hear what I found "over-there". . . First of all, let me say that I did find, almost without exception, that every other country - or at least the ones I visited - are so far beyond our good old U.S., that you'll need a telescope to see them. In England especially, I discovered that the things we dream of and hope for here, are common, everyday items. It is an off day when one doesn't see at least a dozen or

more young lovelies tripping along in their five inch spikes.

On Wardour St. in London I found a wonderful shoe shop that featured five, six and even seven inch heels in their window display. Naturally, I couldn't resist going inside and only then did I come to the full realization that this was truly a "bonanza". . . . The manager of the store greeted me and upon being told what I was looking for, he took me into a separate show-room. Here, I feasted my eyes on a display of footwear the likes of which, I never dreamed of. Shoes and boots of all descriptions lined the showcases. I didn't know where to start, but the manager just smiled and suggested that I let him suggest a few numbers.

The first pair I tried on was a multi-colored sandal with a 2-inch platform and a full 7-inch heel. Next, I slipped my foot into a really exotic number. This one had a double strap which buckled around the ankle. It was in black patent with 6-inch red heels. On and on it went. Before I left, I had bought no less than six pairs. I want to hold off until next issue to go into full descrip-

tions of these shoes. By that time I will be able to print some photos which I had taken in the different numbers.

In Paris and Rome, I found that while the local lasses didn't exactly feature ultra-high heels, they did wear some wonderful pencil-thin heels that measured between 4 and 4½-in. Also, in Paris especially, I noticed that they went in rather heavily for various colored stockings - especially dark shades. One cute number that caught my eye as she walked down the Champs Elysee wore a skin-tight green satin sheath that really looked as though it had been sewn together right on her body. She also wore ebony black stockings and green open-toe pumps with about a 5-inch heel. On her sprms, she had a pair of elbow-length kid gloves that matched the green of her ensemble. Needless to say, every eye followed her as she strutted by - even the Frenchman.

On the next two pages, I'm wearing a scarlet leather dress that I wore on shipboard. . . . wonder if that might be the reason I was invited to sit at the Captain's table? ? ? ?



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The shoes are also scarlet and measure exactly 12-inches at the heel with a 5-inch platform. The belt is black patent-leather and the gloves are black glace kid.

On pg. 59, is a real "Exotique" shot. No, you're not seeing things. Those are really tiny little shoes on my hands - perfect mates for the ones on my feet. This is the result of a gag that my favorite shoemaker played on me, but little did he know that I might like the idea. Who knows, maybe it'll become the rage in a few years.

Oh, before I forget. That shot on pg. 52 was really candid. I was sunning myself one day and a friend happened along - camera and all. This is my favorite sun-outfit. . . . leather shorts, leather bra and patent-leather pumps. The shorts incidentally, are common wearing apparel in Germany and Austria. Everyone from the children up to and including grandpa (and grandma) wears them. Not a bad fad. . . . Much more interesting than our local products.

Bye for now and don't miss the next issue.

TANA LOUISE



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"Mistress"

by
GARY BURNETT

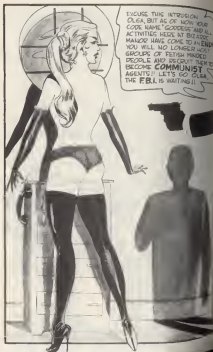
SYNOPSIS: NIKENAH, GROOMED FROM HEAD TO TOE IN BLACK LEATHER, HAS MADE HER WAY INTO THE BARRON AND OUT INTO THE WOOD OF BIZARRE MANOR (THEN SUDDENLY

NOT SO FAST YOUNG LADY...
WHERE DO YOU THINK *YOU'RE*
GOING? NOBODY LEAVES BIZARRE
MANOR TONIGHT... **YET!**

IN WHAT IS THIS?
WHO ARE YOU?
...LET ME GO!



YOU NO LONGER NEED TO SEARCH THE
REGISTER FOR A POSSIBLE INFORMER,
MY BARONESS!!-- THE PERSON YOU
SEEK IS RIGHT **BEHIND** YOU.
I'LL RELIEVE YOU OF THAT BOOK
AND COME ALONG QUIETLY--
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!!



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